

# The Angelican



1945



# The Angelican

Our Lady of the Angels Academy

1945



Enfield, Connecticut

## DEDICATION

To our beloved Reverend Mother Mary Annunciata, in sincere and heartfelt gratitude for Her countless efforts in our behalf, this first edition of "THE ANGELICAN" is affectionately dedicated.

Since our arrival at Enfield, we have encountered striking evidences of Her devotion to duty, Her unmatched kindness and courtesy, and above all, Her motherly attitude towards us. Her radiant smile and ideal personality have won our hearts completely.

Our cherished Reverend Mother! May Our Lord send upon You the peace of His Smile; may He be as generous to You as You have been to us.

## NASZ TROSKLIWY OPIEKUN

Chociaż opuściliśmy rodziców i rodzeństwo, znalazliśmy w naszym nowym otoczeniu obfite wynagrodzenie za złożoną ofiarę. W minionym roku prawdziwym, troskliwym ojcem był dla nas nasz Przewielebny Ksiądz Kapełan. Dobroć i hojność tego naszego ukochanego Ojca nas zadziwia i pobudza do obowiązku szczerzej miłości i prawdziwej wdzięczności. O, wiemy dobrze, że takiego szczerze nam oddanego opiekuna już nigdy powtórnie nie znajdziemy, bo któżby mógł prześcignąć wysiłki jego?

Śliczne kazania głoszone każdej niedzieli prowadzą nas łagodnie, lecz stanowczo, na drogę do życia wewnętrznego. Odczytujemy w ich treści pobudkę i zachętę do ustawicznej pracy nad sobą. A chociaż dopiero rosną nam skrzydła, chęć lotu wzmacnia się w sercach naszych. To, właśnie jest zasługą naszego drogiego i czcigodnego Kaznodziei.

Lecz nasz duchowny Ojciec nie ogranicza się do tego. Oprócz pokarmu duchowego stara się także, jak prawdziwy ojciec, o dobro nasze doczesne. Nie pozwala nigdy aby kto prześcignął go w dobroci. Często daje nam różne dowody pamięci o nas. A gdy nadchodzą święta, to wprowadzie przydałby się tęgi wóz na liczne dary, którymi nas obdarza. Skąd te cukierki, te orzechy? A te owoce i ciastka, od kogo? To wszystko od naszego ukochanego Wielebnego Ojca. A jakżeż możemy spłacić nasz dług wdzięczności?

Tu na ziemi, tylko modlitwą, miłością i wdzięcznością, bo nic innego nie posiadamy. Możemy być pewne, że Bóg nie gardzi modlitwami naszymi o Jego dobro. Bóg Ci zapłaci, drogi nasz Ojcie!

Florcia Rakowska, '45



## RZADKA OKOLICZNOŚĆ

W grudniu, ubiegłego roku miałyśmy zaszczyt goszczenia wśród nas wielce zacnego gościa w osobie Wielebnej Matki Marii Angeliny. Wiele radości nam sprawiło przybycie Najdroższej Mateczki—zdawało nam się że Pan Jezus nas obdarzył nadzwyczajnym podarkiem gwiazdkowym. Pod dyrekcją szczerze nam oddanych Sióstr, urządziłyśmy program składający się ze śpiewu, życzeń, dramatu, operetki i patriotycznej sceny „Duch Polski Żyje.”

Przedstawienie i inne niespodzianki dodały nastroju świątecznego. Ten dzień długo pozostanie wyryty w pamięci naszej.

Wielebna Matka Maria Angelina zwiedziła nowy nasz Internat i uprzyjemniła nam chwilę swego pobytu, opowiadaniem o swoim przejściu w obozie koncentracyjnym. Prócz tego udzieliła nam ta zacna Matka wiele rad i wskazówek. Zachęty do wytrwałej pracy nad książkami nie szczędziła, przede wszystkim nawoływała do pokochania Ojczyzny i mowy ojczystej.

Wielebna Matka Maria Angelina pozostała wśród nas przeszło miesiąc. Znów spotkał nas drugi zaszczyt, ponieważ miałyśmy sposobność złożyć Jej osobiście życzenia z okazji imienin. Dołożyłyśmy wszelkich starań aby Czcigodnej Solenizantce uprzyjemnić ten dzień. Dzień imienin, jedenastego lutego powitałyśmy wesoło. Podczas uroczystej Mszy Świętej tegoż dnia, błagałyśmy nieba o źródło łask dla tak wielce przez nas poważanej Matki. Dzień uroczysty uwieczniono odegraniem zwruszającego dramatu „Gdzie jesteś Panie.”

Na tę wielką uroczystość imienin zawitało do nas wiele gości, co też sprawiło nam wszystkim nie mało uciechy.

Jak wszystko ma swój koniec, tak i dla nas zawitał dzień pożegnania Wielebnej Mateczki Angeliny. Odjechała ta Czcigodna Matka ale Duch Jej z nami.

Żegnałyśmy tę czcigodną Matkę z łezką w oku. Każda łezka już osuszona ale miłe wspomnienia wyryte w serduszkach naszych pozostaną niezatarte.

Niech Jezus Boski Oblubieniec i Marja Matka pięknej miłości osładzają w stokrotny sposób wszelkie trudy i cierpienia przeżyte.

Internatki

## CLASS MOTTO

**“Ad Jesum per Mariam**

Dangers and difficulties often confront us. Our Future Spouse in His goodness and love has provided us with One, Who with the ready sympathy of a true Mother ever extends Her guiding hand to assist, console and encourage her devoted children.



## CLASS COLORS

**Blue and Yellow**

Our class colors stand for what we cherish most. BLUE signifies the protecting mantle of Our Lady's constant care. It reminds us of our duty to our Heavenly Mother; loyalty to the standards of Her Divine Son. YELLOW, the color of good cheer, recalls our privileges of having met warmth and friendship on the road of our Juniorate life.



**CLASS FLOWER - Rose**

# CLASS PATRONESS

## Mary, the Mystical Rose



The rose is a mystery — where is it found?  
Is it anything true? Does it grow upon ground?  
It was made from earth's mold, but it went from men's eyes,  
And its place is a secret and shut in the skies.  
In the gardens of God, in the daylight divine,  
Find me a place by thee, mother of mine.

Is Mary the rose then? Mary, the tree?  
But the blossom, the blossom — who can it be?  
Who can her rose be? It could but be One  
Christ Jesus our Lord, her God and her Son.  
In the gardens of God, in the daylight divine,  
Show me thy son, mother, mother of mine.



CAROLYN RUTKOWSKA — New York City, N. Y.

“Carol”

Byword — “Naturally”



APPEARANCE — Neat

NOTED FOR — Singing

HOBBY — Drawing

FAVORITE SONG — “Balalaika”

FAVORITE HYMN — “Ave Maria”

FAVORITE FLOWER — Pansy

AMBITION — Biologist

DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERISTIC —  
Slim figure

VIRTUE — Cheerfulness

CRIME — Murdering French verbs

“He prayeth best, who loveth best

All things, both great and small.”

Carolyn, the oldest of the class, is a reserved and capable girl. She is very exact in fulfilling her duties. Because she is, as we say, “Fussy,” she is also very neat. For it is a fact that Carolyn cares much for her appearance. It seems that she always did have “natural” curls. But that, of course, is a hereditary trait. (Carolyn has two sisters in the convent.) She uses her talents to serve others, besides glorifying God. Her beautiful voice is often used to sing His praises. The Juniorate will miss its solo singer.

FLORENCE RAKOWSKA — Brooklyn, N. Y.

“Lolcia”

Byword — “Any objections?”



APPEARANCE — Intelligent

NOTED FOR — Excellent memory work

HOBBY — Piano playing

FAVORITE SONG — “In a Monastery Garden”

FAVORITE HYMN — “Jesu, Salvator Mundi”

FAVORITE FLOWER — Iris

AMBITION — Organist

DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERISTIC — A  
tuft of gray hair

VIRTUE — Benevolence

CRIME — Absent-mindedness

“The music in my heart I bore —

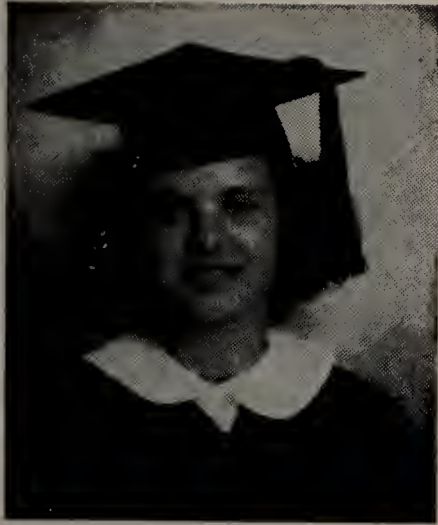
Long after it was heard no more.”

There is very much we should be able to say about our dear “Flory,” for we know she is a girl of great intelligence and is particularly adept in the line of music. She never resists the temptation of a vacant piano. Florence is a bright young girl; so bright that she was able to continue our Chemistry Class when Mother was out. Although she was unsuccessful in giving the correct formula for deuterium (unforgettable fact!) she succeeded in avoiding future heresies. Although Flossy has such a keen mind, her golden memory is not so capable of retaining little things outside of books. In other words, she is noted for her absent-mindedness. It is a shame to say goodbye, but parting is inevitable.

SOPHIA ZDROK — Webster, Mass.

“Zocha”

Byword — “Oh, how awful!”



APPEARANCE — Pleasant

NOTED FOR — Neatness

HOBBY — Reading

FAVORITE SONG — “Daffodils”

FAVORITE HYMN — “Panis Angelicus”

FAVORITE FLOWER — Tulip

AMBITION — Chemist

DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERISTIC —  
Pearly white teeth

VIRTUE — Prudence

CRIME — Blushing

“With malice toward none;

with charity for all.”

The above statement gives us a brief account of Sophia's personality. Generosity is her outstanding trait. She is always willing to give, very seldom wanting to take. Never too busy to help another, she is often seen doing things for the benefit of others. We know that Sophia will be successful, because she will earn her success wherever she goes. She has always been loyal and helpful to all of us in many ways. God Bless You Sophia!

## WE THREE

“We’re not a crowd — we’re not even company!”

My echo (Florence)

My shadow (Sophia)

And me (Carolyn)

Ours is not a class — we can not truly call it so. We’re just — “We Three.” We often considered it necessary to start a campaign for more and better Seniors. Three is not a formidable number especially in classes. If, because of conditions beyond our control, an assignment is accidentally allowed to slip by unprepared, we cannot hide this uncomfortable fact. Our dear teachers have very decided views on certain points — particularly such unimportant trifles (so we think) as unprepared lessons. They will not even accept a very reasonable explanation (always at the tip of our tongues) — membership in the Know-Nothing party. As a result we’ve been compelled to become submissively virtuous in this respect.

We can’t afford getting indigestion, colds or any of the common Juniorate maladies, for what a shame it would be for one-third of the Senior class to be absent!

We three are going to enter Novitiate soon; — but there, we expect a pleasant increase in number. Will we be disappointed? We hope not!

Florence Rakowska, '45



# June 1945



## CLASS HISTORY

Nine inexperienced Freshmen tumbled into the gates of I. C. High during the summer days of 1941 — June 23rd to August 31st inclusive. Common sense Catherine, rollicking Conny, jolly Molly, friendly Flora; spirited Theresa, reserved Carolyn, peace loving Emily, generous Florence, lovable Sophie — we were as different as each individual snowflake. Still, a common purpose wove a strong bond among us. Freshmen days were carefree and gay, though at times, they included embarrassing moments. One incident is particularly amusing. A fresh batch of newly arrived “Freshies” was anxious to learn the numerous customs. One of these was kneeling down hourly for a short adoration at the sound of the chapel bell. By mere coincidence, Mother Virginette walked in at such a moment. So, the next time Mother entered the community room, the Freshies reverently knelt down to the hearty amusement of all. Our wonderful store of knowledge was on one occasion fittingly represented by green bows, and we were proudly presented to an auditorium full of Sisters, who applied their knowledge of First Aid to practice — on us. Embarrassing? Certainly!

Timidity became a thing of the past the minute we turned Sophomores. An adventure-loving spirit took hold of us, and a confidence in our new dignity combined with it to spell m-i-s-c-h-i-e-f. After all, we were Sophomores, not “greenies.” The arrival of a newcomer to our legion completed the cycle of Florences — “Flora” — “Florcia” — and now “Florka.” We killed Caesar, revolutionized Geometry (but somehow passed our Comprehensive examinations.) As Sophomores we were English-conscious. We enjoyed our frequent dramatizations — and over-used our newly acquired vocabulary. “Oh, don’t be so meticulous” (with a marked stress on the last word) or “It’s enough to make me demented” were common phrases. Our zeal had one good effect. It increased our vocabulary (not to mention the patience) of the other silent sufferers. After this turbulent year came a calm because —



We were Juniors. We understood each other quite well by then, so that our last year spent at Lodi was also our happiest. We lost three members of the Faculty that year: Sister M. Azelle, Sister M. Rita, and Sister M. Leandra. The newcomers, Sister M. Simplicissima and Sister M. Deograce, soon won our favor by their ambitious and inexhaustible capacity for work and improvement. We were glad to retain some of our old teachers, who had in two years' time become dear to us. Many "breaks" came our way, so that good times were frequent and very welcome. A visit to the Botanical Gardens was a special treat to the Biology Class — and field trips were unforgettable experiences. Dissections proved interesting and enjoyable. We valued our frog "jackets" so highly that we wrapped one up as a gift for our English teacher. Unfortunately, Sister couldn't see it our way, and told us to take the "horrible thing" away. No, our love of fun did not leave us in spite of apparent docility. An episode in the upper extremity of the house, at an unearthly hour, testifies to its presence. We will never forget our quest for "siusy," (our original expression.) On Tuesday morning August 22, 1944 Reverend Mother Mary Alexis announced that a new Juniorate at Enfield, Conn., was welcoming us home. After much preparation and anticipation we left Lodi.

Our last year was a tranquil one. We were deeply engrossed in our studies. Chemistry was entirely new and deeply interesting. The old faithfuls: English, Religion, Polish, French and History were also attacked with vigor. Everything was new, so we had to begin over again. Freshman days were recalled as we blushinglly blundered into the wrong places. Soon, however, we became accustomed to our new environment and settled down to a busy, happy year. Frequent plays called upon our dramatic abilities. The guidance of our dear Mother Directress and the Faculty prepared us for the realization of our aspirations — our entrance into Novitiate. With our goal in full view, we endeavored to follow their wise counsel. Now, as Graduation Day comes upon us, we cast one more backward glance at bygone days, and bid a fond farewell to our ALMA MATER.

*June 1945*



## A N A L Y S I S

**O** — utstanding as Florence R.

**U** — seful as Jane P.

**R** — efinèd as Therese G.

**L** — ikeable as the Freshies.

**A** — mbitious as Theresa G.

**D** — etermined as Clara N.

**Y** — outhful as Dorothy G.

**O** — bedient as Emily P.

**F** — riendly as Celia W.

**A** — miable as Sophia Z.

**N** — eat as Eugenia S.

**G** — rateful as Jeanette T.

**E** — xact as Carolyn R.

**L** — ight-hearted as Jane P.

**S** — ociable as Tess C.

**A** — thletic as Celine C.

**C** — omical as Beverly B.

**A** — lert as Clara N.

**D** — ocile as Emily P.

**E** — nergetic as Celine C.

**M** — oderate as Celia W.

**Y** — ounge as we are.





Seniors' F A R E W E L L

— F — or - get - me - nots

P — A — nsies

— R — oses

Daisi — E — s

Sno — W — balls

Butt — E — rcups

Tu — L — lips

Mist — L — etoe

Carna — T — ions

— O — rchids

Chr — Y — santhemums

— O — leanders

T — U — lips

Seniors '45



*June 1945*



## AT THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

May the sweetest flowers surround you,  
Chains of flowers shall you wear;  
'Twas the god of love that bound you,  
Truth and happiness to share.

Daisies, buttercups and roses,  
Tulips, orchids and pansies we sought,  
Mistletoe which its green never loses,  
And a sweet forget-me-not.

In this brilliant wealth of flowers,  
Which our horn of plenty bears,  
As each one its beauty showers,  
It tells what distant future wears.

Graduating Class



## Pioneers at Enfield

"Who are they?" — Why — we, of course! eleven young ladies who had the rare fortune of forming the first Juniorate group in Enfield. We had always considered such a prospect unusually exciting. However, now that we've lived through such momentous days, we've discovered, in addition, that the experience is unforgettable. Our first day in Enfield will certainly always remain a particularly vivid page in our book of memories.

Just as the chapel bell rang out announcing the hour of two, the last excited girls arrived, slightly bewildered by the newness of their environment. There was little time for reverie, however, for the heartiest welcome possible was awaiting us. Everyone seemed to be so happy that we had finally arrived, for at last the Province was complete. The warm, joyful spirit was mutual. Our first acquaintance was the quaint little chapel. Here we knelt in thanksgiving for the graces just received and asked for abundant blessings, so necessary for the coming year. After this short but sweet visit we were invited to dinner — and what a dinner! Abundant and well-prepared, it was like a banquet. We had the privilege of being served by the Postulants who supplied the information about the "how, when, and where" of Enfield.

In the evening, Reverend Mother greeted us warmly and sincerely, giving us from the first moment a feeling of security in her care. Then we ventured down the hill for a coveted glimpse of our new Juniorate. Silently admiring the attractive location, we were already longing for the day when we could call it our own. We were confident that it would satisfy our expectations.

All too soon, it was time to go to bed. It was a pity, we thought, that our happy first day had to end. However, we found that within a few minutes after tumbling into bed, we were living everything over in dreamland, as well as anticipating our entrance into our new Juniorate.

On the Feast of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, November the twenty-first, our expectations were more than satisfied, for it proved to be a happy, comfortable home, leaving an abundant harvest of pleasant memories for its eager reapers. Our ALMA MATER, and all that it stands for, shall always be treasured by

The Class of '45

*June 1945*



## A VERY SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT!

Distilling water is usually a very quiet process when done by experienced and sober people. But, when we tried a hand at it, we caused a bit of excitement. It was our first experiment and we were frantically running about in our rubber aprons and over-sleeves looking for the necessary apparatus. The setting up was a long and tedious process. Our instructor, Mother Viterbia should be admired for her patience! Of course, we know that Mother laughed at heart at our nervousness and excitement, but just then we were too busy with our first experience in the chemical lab to be aware of any amused spectators. With a sigh we completed the "setting up." Before turning on the water, Mother tested the joints of our labor for firmness, etc. Alas! By fateful omission the rubber tubing was not inspected.

The students were all eyes, closely watching the procedure. Splash! Oh! "What happened, girls?" When we had wiped the offending liquid from our eyes and faces, the wilted appearance of Mother's wimple, our faces and the poor lab told the story. Perhaps we were rude in our outburst of laughter, but until this day we do the same whenever we recount the episode.

The excitement was over and two guards of honor were patiently awaiting the first drop of distilled water. The desired drop finally fell! What joy! They were overwhelmed and gave way to their excitement. Didn't they run across the lab to share the latest news with the teacher and the remainder of the class! But before they or the news reached their destination, some glass apparatus, after a loud but fruitless protest, went to its eternal rest!

Sophia Zdrok '45





## THAT FATEFUL MARCH THE THIRD

A few days preceding the month which comes in like a roaring lion, we became very docile — very cautious. And on March third we hold on to our hats. For no matter what precautions we take, a disastrous fate is ours on that day.

On March 3, 1942, fourteen timid, yet adventurous Freshmen skipped into Music Class, anxious to find out what happens to unprepared culprits. Their curiosity was satisfied only too well, for a few moments later an indignant teacher sailed out of Room 204, followed by twenty-eight eyes, widened with fear and wonder. That afternoon, the Freshmen virtuously abstained from the movies shown every Tuesday, in order to make amends for the unprepared lesson. It was merely a coincidence (and a well-guarded secret) that this was our punishment for the morning episode.

On March 3, 1943, we tiptoed into Geometry class, sat down and hoped for the best while fearing the worst. We almost whispered our answers. There was a pitiful look in our faces. But no fortune is merciless. Out sailed another teacher.

Next year we thought we had outwitted the fate that chained us to a tragic March 3. Of course, English class had not been ideal, but the teacher sat through the lesson as if Her life depended upon it (ours did.) We heaved a sigh of relief when the day passed without the usual storm. Alas! We counted our chicks before they were hatched, for, that day, one of our classmates had been transplanted to another garden — for she entered the Novitiate of the Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis. Of course we were glad that she had been true to her vocation, but it was not consoling to hear that we had lost a member of our class.

This year we were sure that we had escaped our fate for March 3 fell on a Saturday. Surely the tradition would be broken. No such luck! Ironically enough, it followed the course of an important holiday — it was moved to March 2, its vigil. The disturbing element was an apparently innocent looking book, full of wisdom which we had not deigned to digest. But the less said about our woes, the better. It is sufficient to say that we're glad the last "fateful day" has gone.

Florence Rakowska, '45



*June 1945*



## VISITORS

The opening of the Academy of "Our Lady of the Angels," in the quiet little town of Enfield, Connecticut, has not only surprised many but also attracted attention and aroused some curiosity among friends and strangers.

A number of visitors have honored our Academy with their presence. Dr. Roy Deferrari of the Catholic University of America was one of these distinguished guests. He spent a pleasant day with us. His visit resulted in the affiliation of our Academy with the Catholic University of America. This we consider a great privilege. Yes, we are indeed proud of our ALMA MATER whose aim is a high, sound and thorough educational standing.

Another visitor on a similar mission was the Diocesan Superintendent of Schools, Reverend Father Heffernan. We welcomed our Honorable Guest with enthusiasm. Pleasant memories of his visit will long linger with us.

A number of clergy, members of various religious orders, our dear parents, relatives and friends are our frequent guests. Each visit is highly appreciated and long remembered.

May the dear Lord love and bless each and every one of our benefactors.

Carolyn Rutkowska '45



## MUSIC ROOM?

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WANTED: A music room entirely furnished, if possible. Must contain a piano with unbreakable pedal and a sturdy general constitution, fifteen comfortable chairs, and sound-proof walls.

Send by express to:

Our Lady of the Angels Academy  
1370 Enfield St.  
Enfield, Conn.

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Oh! Oh! we forgot! We should have included a request for book-stands. Those books have the annoying habit of slipping through our fingers. There must be some invention to remedy the situation.

My! won't Sister Presentatia be happy when we receive an answer to Her prayers! The corridor and steps after all, are alright, but — We look like climbers of Jacob's ladder on the steps, and "Outcasts of Poker Flat" on the corridor. In each case, we block the way for passers-by, if they dare venture through the dense jungle of girls. Usually, however, our singing gives them a fair warning of what lies ahead.

But then again, I suppose we'd miss the old system, if we ever had the luck to obtain what we ask for. On baking days, the delicious aroma of Sister Rajneria's cakes is an incentive to proper breathing. A sound-proof wall would also be smell-proof, wouldn't it? The ideal piano would leave no room for excuses for little deficiencies in our playing. After all, it is a comfort to be able to blame the piano for it all. And as to the chairs — it is fun to sit on the steps. Now, to top it all, we'd have to say goodbye to our dear little "Bambino."

Let's call the whole thing off. Good old corridor and steps!

Florence '45

*June 1945*



## WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF

Florence R. lost her gray hair?  
Sophia Z. grew an inch taller?  
Carolyn R. lost her voice?  
Beverly B. shrank overnight?  
Dorothy G. became timid?  
Emily P. danced a jig?  
"Gummie" lost her innocent look?  
Eugenia S. forgot to curl her hair one night?  
Celine C. had no more tears?  
Clara N. lost her "hay-fever?"  
Theresa G. became a second Einstein?  
Jane P. became a beautician?  
Tess C. became a Latin teacher?  
Jeanette T. stopped being so inquisitive?  
Celia W. became a teacher in Math?





## CLASS WILL

We, the class of 1945, of the Our Lady of the Angels Academy, of Enfield, Connecticut, being of sound mind and realizing that we must leave our dear Alma Mater, have decided to make the following bequests:

To our dearly beloved parents we leave everlasting love, gratitude and remembrance in our prayers.

To Reverend Maximilian Soltyssek, our chaplain, we give our deep reverence and profound appreciation for his kindness and generosity.

To our beloved Reverend Mother Mary Annunciata we will our affection for her untiring efforts and constant solicitude in our behalf.

To Reverend Sister Mary Catherine, Sister Mary Raphael, Sister Mary Laura and Sister Mary Antonia we bequeath our sincere appreciation.

To Sister Mary Cantalicia and Sister Mary Emily we offer a heartfelt thanks.

To our dearest Directress, Sister Mary Viterbia for her kindness, understanding and motherly care, we leave gratitude and assurance that we shall strive to remain ever true to the guidance and training given us.

To Sister Mary Pontia for her ever ready assistance and wise counsel we give our sincere thanks.

To Sister Mary Presentatia we pledge our life-long memory for her charity and understanding.

To Sister Mary Consolata we extend our deepest regard for spurring us on to a love of our mother-land.

To Sister Mary Victima we give gratitude and appreciation for her tireless labor and guidance.

To Sister Mary Rajneria we submit our appreciation for her interest in our welfare.

To Sister Ceslaus we offer our true thanks for her ever-ready assistance.

To all the Sisters in the Community we bequeath sincerely appreciative acknowledgement for various material contributions.

To Sister Mary Adalbert we donate our natural animation and happiness of spirit for the many pleasant surprises. (Movies)



# June 1945



To Reverend Mother Mary Alexis, Sister Virginette our former Directress, and to our former Faculty at Lodi we extend our appreciation and thanks.

To our former teachers in the Grammar School we leave the assurance that we are ever mindful of all they did for us.

To Juniors we leave our classrooms and all the lovely things in the Juniorate.

To the Sophomores we donate loyalty to Our Lady of the Angels and allegiance to all she stands for.

The Freshmen come in quest of the right way of living and application to studies.

From	Individually	To
Carolyn Rutkowska —	the "Chain of friendship"	— Clara Nowak
	solo parts	— Tess Czarnecka
	reserved manner	— Dorothy Gondek
	charge of lab	— Celine Czaja
Florence Rakowska —	the piano at all spare moments	— Theresa Gondek
	aptitude for demolishing glass apparatus	— Beverly Bartosiak
	optimism	— Jane Prokopiak
	"Handbook of Curious Information"	— Genevieve Thouin
Sophia Zdrok —	custody of the vacant dormitory	— Emily Pikul
	neatness	— Eugenia Stodolska
	good-naturedness	— Therese Gumkowska
	quiet charm	— Celia Wegrzyn

To the entire world the Class of 1945 leaves prayers for peace and good will.

We name the Class of 1946 the executor of this will.

Given under our hand and seal in this month of June in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred forty-five.

The Seniors of 1945



## SCHOOL BALLOT

Best Dressed ----- Carolyn Rutkowska

Most Musical ----- Florence Rakowska

Most Likely to Succeed ----- Sophia Zdrok

School Optimist ----- Clara Nowak

Quietest ----- Emily Pikul

Most Sophisticated ----- Theresa Gondek

Most Dependable ----- Eugenia Stodolska

Best Dancer ----- Tess Czarnecka

Best All-Round ----- Jane Prokopiak

Tallest ----- Beverly Bartosiak

Most Popular ----- Dorothy Gondek

Best Actress ----- Celine Czaja

Best Poised ----- Celia Wegrzyn

Most Studious ----- Therese Gumkowska

Most Talkative ----- Genevieve Thouin

*June 1945*



## DOWIDZENIA

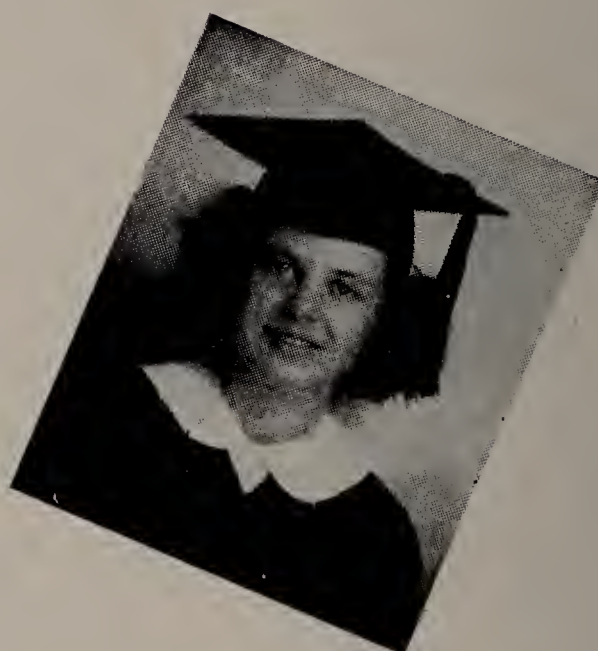
Gdy rok pracy ukończony  
Czemuż oko łza przysłania?  
Wkrótce w różne pójdziem strony,  
Więc to smutek pożegnania.

Wabi szczęściem dom ojczysty  
I te nasze lasy, niwy—  
Sady, łąki i źródło czyste;  
Ach, jak będę tam szczęśliwy!

Lecz, gdy minie czas ów złoty,  
Czas radości i wytchnienia,  
Wrócim znowu do roboty;  
A więc, Siostry, dowidzenia.

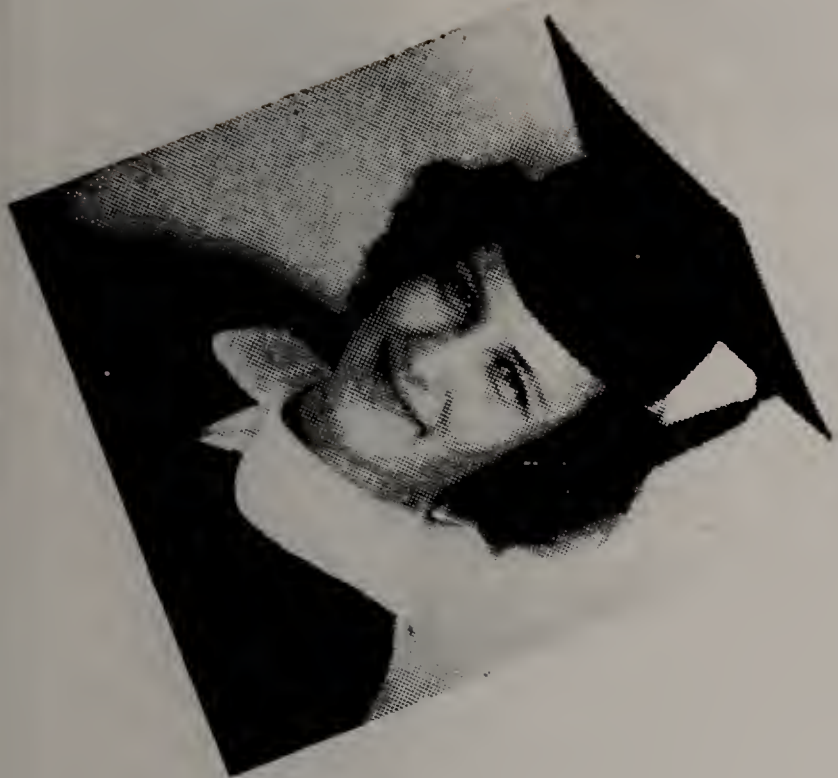


God Bless Our



Graduates







*June 1945*



AUTOGRAPHS

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